

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

DESIGNED FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,
EDITOR.

Vol. 38.

April 15, 1903.

No 8.

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Subscription Price \$2.00 Per Year.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE
DESERT SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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ORGAN OF THE
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VOL. XXXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1903.

No. 8.

SOME OF OUR POETS.

EDWARD LENOX SLOAN.

EDWARD L. SLOAN, who was in his day one of the most gifted and widely known editorial writers of the west, was born November 9, 1830, in Conlig, County Down, Ireland. He was among the first to embrace the Gospel in his native isle, and became an earnest exponent and defender of its principles, laboring for some years as a local missionary in Ireland and England. Early in 1859 he was appointed to preside over the Sheffield conference, which position he filled with satisfaction to those who presided over the mission. During his ministry he contributed numerous articles in both prose and poetry to the *Millennial Star*. Later he was called to the Liverpool office to assist in editing the *Star*. He filled this position with marked ability for some years, until his release, in 1863, to come to Utah.

On his arrival in Utah Elder Sloan was fortunate in being able to continue his literary pursuits. He was for some time assistant editor of the *Deseret News*, and later of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was a strong, earnest and conscientious writer, putting his whole soul into his efforts.

Upon the discontinuance of the *Telegraph*, Elder Sloan became associated with Elder William C. Dunbar in founding the *Salt Lake Herald*, which first appeared June 5, 1870. He continued



ELDER EDWARD L. SLOAN.

as its editor until his death, which took place August 2, 1874.

Elder Sloan began his literary career while in his youth. In his twenty-fourth year he published in Belfast, Ireland, a

book of his poems called "The Bard's Offering," which won for him some renown. The work embraces verses upon a great variety of subjects, both grave and gay; all breathe a healthy, moral feeling, and are imbued with a fine lyrical and poetic spirit. The following lines, addressed to his wife, reveal the depth of his poetic feelings:

TO MARY.

When darkness gathers o'er my mind,
And sorrows wring my heart;
When fancied demons lash my soul
With keen, remorseless smart;
When hope is dead
And in its stead
Despair assumes its reign;
When Reason sleeps,
And Passion steeps
In frenzied fire my brain;

'Tis Mary's voice can lull the storm
That rages in my breast;
Her words, like oil on troubled waves,
Can hush my soul to rest;
Before her eye
The tempests fly,
The clouds disperse their gloom,
Hope buds anew
With freshened hue,
And flowers with richer bloom.

When pleasure flings her sunny beams,
With brightness on my soul;
When joys untainted mix their sweets
With life's embittered bowl;
When fortune smiles,
With witching wiles,
Upon my chequered lot;
When gushing thrills
The life-blood rills,
With "dying raptures" bought;

'Tis Mary's presence lends the charm
That purifies my bliss;
Her smiles enchanting gild the hour,
And love lives in her kiss;
Her charms conspire
To fan the fire
That glowing fills my frame;
Her angel grace
Relumes the place
Where hallowed transports flame.

Following is a lyrical gem that may

be adopted as a life motto with profit by everyone:

NEVER DEPEND ON TOMORROW.

Old Time speeds along
With his noiseless wings;
In his track sparkles wealth for procuring;
For the bright little moments
Which around us he flings,
Are gems worth the toil of securing.

Then seize them and use them
With vigor and skill;
Remember, delay may bring sorrow:
He is wise who employs
The time placed at his will
And never depends on tomorrow.

For the present is ours
To will and to do,
And 'tis wrong from the future to borrow:
Let us cull the wreath now,
Or too late we may rue,
If we ever depend on tomorrow.

In the following lines the author reveals his own feelings and predilections in portraying his ideal, and at the same time presents in exquisite verse a maxim that will carry one over many a rough place in life's highway:

THE WILL WILL FIND A WAY.

Give me the strong, determined mind,
That wills with firmness every act;
To ought but nobler reason blind,
It never fails to claim respect.
Though adverse blasts blow keenly chill,
The wav'ring timorous soul to sway,
The firm, determined iron will
Will never fail to find a way.

I loathe the weak, unstable soul,
Whose every act and plan is vain—
Veers with each breath, without control,
Inconstant as the fickle vane;
Unsteady as the flick'ring light,
Uncertain as the hollow wind,
Transient as is the meteor bright—
Without an aim, without a mind.

I love the soul of purpose sure—
Strong, energetic in its plan;
Determined, patient to endure—
The very essence of a man;

Steadfast as truth, unchanged by years,
 Expansive as the prairies track,—
 Not swayed by transient hopes nor fears,—
 The way to do, the way to act.

Then give to me the lofty thought,
 Soaring 'yond fickle mortal's ken;
 The soul with noble feelings fraught,
 Unswerving from its purposed end.
 Though adverse blasts blow keenly chill,
 The wav'ring, timorous soul to sway,
 The firm, determined iron will
 Will never fail to find a way.

The following tribute to the "sweetest theme of sweetest song," revealing the strong religious feelings and education of the author, will appeal to all readers for its exquisite grace and beauty:

ODE TO RELIGION.

Priceless balm of consolation!
 Sweetest theme of sweetest song!
 In the hour of tribulation,
 Thine to aid us does belong.

Thine to dry the eye of weeping;
 Thine to ease the troubled heart;
 Thine to rouse the sinner sleeping;
 Thine to shield from Satan's dart.

Thine to sanctify affliction;
 Thine to comfort in distress;
 Thine to soften our correction;
 Thine to lighten cares that press.

Thine to yield us purest pleasure—
 Wipe away corroding tears;
 Thine to show the saving treasure,
 Fan our joys, and calm our fears.

Thine to point the "Rock of Ages;"
 Thine to guide us safely there,—
 Safe, though hell's chief power rages,
 'Neath thy potent, guiding care.

Thine to smooth the dying pillow;
 Thine to blunt the sting of death—
 Lift us o'er the grave's dark billow,
 Mounting on triumphant faith.

Oh, my soul! be this thy refuge—
 This thy stay in trying hour:
 Though afflictions rain a deluge,
 Light shall fall the crushing shower.

Friends may vanish, cares may grieve you,
 Bitter trials weighty press:
 There is One will never leave you—
 Ne'er forsake you in distress!

It can be truly said that life to Elder Sloan was no idle dream, but an earnest, stern reality, and "death was not its goal." He had an abiding faith in the future and in the Heavenly Father's care, and his poems are full of hopefulness and courage. The following lines challenge a comparison with the verses of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and express the feelings of a spirit undaunted by life's trials:

LET NOT THE MORN PASS IDLY BY.

Let not the morn pass idly by—
 The day with sloth grow old:
 Note well the moments as they fly,
 Each worth uncouted gold.
 That brief, short space of time may prove
 Your arbiter of fate;
 A moment's act, a life may move,
 And hosts of acts create.

Are you a Saint? Then spurn the mask
 The sluggard fain would wear;
 Round up your shoulders to the task—
 The burden stoutly bear.
 Scorn the weak, puling, sickly whine
 Of sentimental fools;
 Act as becomes a noble mind
 Who adverse events rules.

"Life is a road of trials still:"
 We'll meet them like a man,—
 March boldly up the rugged hill,
 And all its dangers scan;
 Then front to front the danger face,
 And sternly meet the strife,—
 Use nobly every "vantage place,"
 To win the prize of life.

"Life is a span," the poet cries:
 We'll prove the cry untrue:
 Life is eternal as the skies
 That bound yon vaulted blue,
 To those who live th' exalted law
 To minds celestial given:
 They ne'er in death a monster saw;
 Theirs still is life and heaven.

Among the more striking of his poems composed while in the mission field is Elder Sloan's "Song for Scattered Is-

rael." The poem abounds in passages of great power and melody, touched with a wild, inimitable grace! Two of the verses follow:

Up, Israel! now is no time to sleep
Nor slumber with folded hands:
From the east, from the west the shadows creep
O'er these God-forsaken lands;
And the mighty bulwarks that gird the north,
Soon, soon shall bursting fall,
While the countless trains of the "lost" come
forth
At royal Ephraim's call.
Then away, then away, to your posts with speed;
Bid the truth span earth and sea;
For the hosts of the Lord shall with triumph
speed,
In the coming Jubilee.

Up, Israel! fly to your mountain home,
For the clouds are gathering fast.
The earthquake rumbles, the storm-fiends come
'Mid the plague's pestiferous blast;
For a night of horror and gloom does shroud
The gathering hosts of hell,
And the bursting thunder of yon black cloud
Will the fearful onslaught tell.
Then away on the wings of magic steam;
Bid the truth span earth and sea,
Till the groaning nations hail the gleam
Of the coming Jubilee.

Besides the above poems, and others scattered through the Church periodical works, E. L. Sloan is the author of several plays and other works, and of a number of our sacred hymns.

Joseph Hyrum Parry.



WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR AND BY THE INDIANS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 218.)



I HAVE, since a little child, felt a deep interest in the dark-skinned descendants of Lehi, and have, through the course of my life, made note of a good many incidents that I had heard or that had come under my own observation. For instance, many years ago I was eye-witness to a genuine Indian dog feast, and noted the respectful manner in which the young Indians served their elders, and have felt a good deal of respect for Indian etiquette ever since. A number of these incidents might be mildly entertaining when written out. However, that is not the object of this article, but rather to give a very small amount of the evidence that might be given to prove that the work that is being done among the children of the forest is worth the doing, and that there is much material for

good citizenship among them; that in latent powers of heart and brain and possibilities of worthy activity in the development of our national resources, they are not as inferior to their white brethren as appearances might lead the uninterested to believe.

I have before me a copy of *The Red Man and Helper*, a bright and exceedingly interesting paper, "printed every Friday by apprentices at the Industrial School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania," containing twenty-two "extracts from alumnic letters in reply to invitations to attend commencement and the annual alumni meeting, held Friday evening, February 7, 1902," continued from the previous week. I do not possess the prior number. Every one of these letters were well written, and I wish that they could be published in their entirety in the

reading Sunday newspapers, that those who read them may have a better idea of what has been, and is being done by that fine institution. One old student, Hugh Sousea, Santa Fe, N. M., writes in glowing terms of what Carlisle had done for her students and the nation: "I have often dreamed of those old scenes familiar to us all who had the glorious opportunity of being under Carlisle's care and training. The light which was kindled there has grown strong within us, and through her teaching in self-denial and self-reliance we can now meet harder knocks and higher callings than those with which we were severely tested in the strict discipline of those early days. It was not then but now that we realize the importance of those years of discipline in the formation of character, and in the preparation and development for the years when we should have to face the frowning world. But what is Carlisle to us all? It is she who has added to the nation some educated red children worthy to become useful citizens of the Republic. Yea, even to our national defense, her sons are vindicating the rights of our country and flag.

"In the industrial and educational forces her sons are found turning the wheels of progress, advocating that labor is the only salvation of man.

"None dare question the capabilities of the Indian for self-support and usefulness in the face of the proof shown by the doings of the Carlisle students."

In a strong, earnest and somewhat lengthy letter to the graduates, Edwin Schanandore writes:

" * * * It would be well for you to remember the great responsibilities that will now devolve upon you, not only in guiding yourselves properly, but to lay no obstacles for those who are about to follow you. * * We, the graduates,

or those of us who have had the opportunities to make men and women of ourselves, must be judged. * * We must solve this Indian problem ourselves individually. We must now shake off the shackles that have so long hindered our progress in civilization * * We must now rise and put our talent into use, though it may be but one, yet it is our duty to put it into use to the best advantage. Let us not go back to the reservation and bury ourselves there, and say there is no chance for an Indian! *There never was a chance for a lazy man, and never will be.*

"Place yourselves somewhere where you can be of some use to your fellow-men, even if you earn just enough to keep you alive; it would be still better to do this than to be a beggar when in full possession of your faculties. * *

Start out with something in view, and never cease in trying to reach your objective point. You may sail through rough seas, but do not drift; if you do, you will soon strike a rock, where your hopes of reaching your destination will forever fade away. You will find that the current of temptations and disappointments is very strong. Hence you must continually employ your time, if you are to save yourselves."

Edwin Schanandore gives sound advice, and, what is better, practices exactly what he preaches.

Well, perhaps I have written enough, and will close by copying for those of my readers who have followed me thus far one of Tekahionwake's exquisite poems, entitled "The Song my Paddle Sings:"

I slowly sail, unship the mast;
I've wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest,
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain sleep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep;

Now fold in slumber your laggard winds,
 For soft is the song my paddle sings.
 August is laughing across the sky,
 Laughing where paddle, canoe and I
 Drift, drift,
 Where the hills uplift
 On either side of the current swift.

Martha J. Lewis.



ANSWERS TO PRAYERS.

LET me tell you, my young brothers and sisters, how the Lord answered my prayers on two occasions. I write this in the hope that it may strengthen your faith, and lead you to pray to God to help you when you are in trouble. But we should pray to Him at all times, not only when we are in trouble, but when prosperity smiles upon us. I think it is mean for people to treat the Lord with indifference while they are enjoying good health, and then call on Him to heal them when they get sick. If we serve the Lord when we are well, we can then pray to Him with the assurance that He will hear and answer us when we are in trouble.

A short time ago I was called to administer to a sister who was very ill; in fact she was at the point of death. Her husband was a member of the Church, but for years he had not been living his religion. It was, indeed, pitiable to see him. He was as weak and helpless as a little babe. He felt that he had no power with God, and all he could do was to stand by and weep. If we expect the Lord to be sincere with us, we must be sincere with Him. There will come a time in each of our lives when we shall need His divine aid, and we shall then find that it pays to serve the Lord.

I will now tell you how the Lord answered my prayers. It was one night in the

year 1892. My wife was very ill, and I was at home waiting on her. Our baby was also sick and was crying bitterly, as its mama was not able to attend to it. I was alone, and I felt my position very keenly.

My wife continued to grow worse, and it made me cry to see her and the baby suffering so. At last I got the little one asleep, and put it to bed. I then knelt down at the bedside and began to call upon the Lord in prayer, asking Him to bless and heal my wife. While I was praying the spirit of prophecy came upon me, and I began to prophesy. I said, "Fear not, my dear; you are not going to die. You will get better from this hour, and will live long upon the earth, and bear me more children." I then finished my prayer. From that moment she began to amend, and at the end of three days no one would have known that she had been sick. Since then she has become the mother of four more children.

Some time after this, I received another direct answer to prayer. I was unable to get work and we were reduced to very poor circumstances. We would not let any one know our condition, for we had said, "We will never take a loaf of bread from the ward if we can help it." We had no food in the house and you can imagine that we were not bubbling over with mirth. But we did not complain. My dear good girl-wife said to me, "These are very hard times we are passing through, but I would rather die here of hunger than go back to Babylon again." I looked on her and admired her for her integrity. The Lord does not want milk and water Saints. He wants Saints who will love and serve Him under all circumstances, both when the sun is shining and when the storms of adversity rage and beat against us.

Finally my wife said to me, "I believe

I will go and see Sister I—— this afternoon." I advised her to do so, for I knew that if she called on this good sister, who was a bosom friend of hers in the old world, that she would spend two or three pleasant hours, and that she would be given a good dinner.

After my wife had gone, I locked the door, and placing a chair in the center of our dining room, I knelt down by it and began to pour out my soul to the Lord in prayer. I had uttered but a few sentences when my feelings overcame me, and I began to cry. As the tears rolled down my cheeks I heard a clear and distinct voice, the voice of the Spirit of God, which said unto me, "Fear not, my son; from this time forth I will give you influence and favor in the eyes of the people such as you have never had before."

I cannot describe, my dear, young friends, the peace and joy that filled my soul on that occasion. I am sure I could not have felt as happy if a millionaire had come to my home that afternoon and filled it with twenty dollar gold pieces. And I bear my testimony to you that the word of the Lord which He spoke to me has indeed been fulfilled to the very letter. The next day I went down town and got work, and from that day to the present we have never lacked for the necessities of life. We have been greatly blessed of the Lord, and we feel to thank Him for the testimonies He has given us. Truly He "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Let us remember our prayers in the season thereof, for we have proven the truth of the poet's words: "Prayer will change the night to day."

W. A. M.



RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR ZIONWARD JOURNEY.

IT is forty-nine years ago today (March 11) since over nine hundred souls were all aboard the *John M. Wood* in a Liverpool dock, from which they emerged on the following day en route for Utah, via New Orleans. The details of that and similar trips are no doubt still fresh in the memory of the Saints. The writer and his young wife were among the number who were unfamiliar with the sea, consequently when the Channel was reached, loose things began to fly around, discomfort and deadly apathy were the conditions. After we had passed the Emerald Isle and felt the swell of the Atlantic, the cry of fire sounded from the galley.

The *Ocean Monarch* had, but a short time previously, been burnt at sea, and a throb of subdued feeling swept over all as to the possibilities of our fate. The fire was, however, soon subdued, and quiet gratitude went up from many hearts.

A good sailor died in mid-Atlantic, and no more solemn scene was ever witnessed by the majority than when the canvassed remains slid over the bulwarks and with a splash sank into that wondrous grave, being visible below the surface for some time in the semi-calm of the West Indies. In this section of the sea great fields of tropical vegetation were passed over or through. Cuban

buildings were quite plain to be seen, and when the vessel was becalmed a very joyous feeling reigned as a rule. Porpoises, flying and other fish were seen in abundance until we reached the great gulf stream and then approached Belize island, which is at the mouth of the Mississippi, where millions of tons of debris are deposited yearly, always keeping the changing delta much above the surrounding country. Millions of dollars have been spent in the construction of jettys or levees to prevent the overflow which gives this majestic river the appearance of a creation for a long distance from its mouth.

The scenery, vegetation and surroundings were also new and fascinating, trees veiled in moss, sugar plantations and cotton fields stretched as far as the eye could reach, the whitewashed quarters of the slaves, the rambling unarchitectural dwellings of the planters, the great steamboats laden with cotton and crowded with passengers from the lower to the hurricane deck, with strains of music, and colored help, in the main, continually arrested our attention; but our grand ship finally tied up at the levee in New Orleans, where we were glad to rush down the gangway into the strange streets of a strange city many feet below. Sauntering and observing its quaint architecture, its medley population, we entered the slave market. Here we had the practical side of an institution we had been taught to believe unbiblical, unchristian, and in every way unworthy of civilization and human rights. We did not stop to discuss the proprieties, however, but when we saw "a good, likely wench" of eighteen called off the auction block, after critical examination, for \$1750.00 and a valuable farm hand of twenty-seven years for \$3500.00, we found ourselves thinking that when men paid those prices for

what they deemed to be property, they would take care of it. There may have been abuses in connection with this long defunct institution, but conjecture fancied a little "lie" was mixed with the sensational stories of religious journals, as they have abundantly been with "Mormonism," and we took, as we have done many a time since that in regard to reports of men and things, "a little grain of salt."

Eight weeks of government rations supplemented by private supplies had kept our company in good health. The thrifty had stored their surplus hardtack and oatmeal for the river trip, but some who had means, rejecting counsel, bought fruit *ad libitum*, and fresh meat at the wood stations, and tasted grim cholera, and some of the most promising young people from the rural counties of old England fell by the wayside; sometimes they were uncoffined in a lonely grave or because of the hurrying boats were left to be buried by strange hands.

The trip, otherwise enjoyable, was saddened by these *contretemps*, while whitewashed quarters of straggling character, diversified with cities like Memphis, Natchez, etc., and the swollen mouths of the tributary rivers, turbid as the original Missouri and flecked with novel styles of laden boats, wiled away the time. Approaching St. Louis, it was realized that our passenger list was larger than that permitted by law, so the writer, in charge of some fifty young men, was put ashore to walk the balance of the road to St. Louis. In the meantime the cholera had increased in virulence, and the crowd was quarantined at a lonely sandbar within hailing distance of the coveted city. Here, upon an old hulk and on a porous soil, miasma struck down many. While in St. Louis the young men were more or less exposed; the Saints were, how-

ever, hospitable. "Bene plant" was at a premium, until impatience became a virtue, and delay in the company's arrival determined someone on getting aboard the old hulk if possible to see the situation. Among the latter was the writer, who was anxious to see his young wife, her family and the other Saints.

Stratagem had to be resorted to, which succeeded, and almost the first person seen was the young wife, evidently ailing from an attack. Sympathy set the husband in the same direction, and for a time it seemed ominous, as an Elder in England had prophesied that he should never live to see the Valley. Probably a half developed reverence gave more credence than was justified, but in opposition to this sentiment was the fact of a vision or dream had by the writer, of activity in the Temple ordinances, and on retiring into the brush for prayer and assurance, a voice, as distinct as was possible, said, "With long life will I satisfy thee, and show thee my salvation." The cholera vanished from the husband and wife, and the entire company were soon on the

way up the turbid waters above St. Louis for camping and preparation for the trip across the unknown and apparently interminable prairies and the Rocky Mountains to the promised land, where the trip ended, and the new and untried life began, after thousands of miles of travel, pleasant and otherwise, in a new and apparently sterile land.

The young and blooming woman and devoted wife has for many years been sleeping, as to the body, upon the hillside above our beloved city. The writer, strengthened often in the times of sorrow and affliction, has seen this promise literally and amply fulfilled; for this life was then consecrated, which, if not always fervent, yet ever recognizes the Master's hand, guarding in many perils, has kept the faith to both the letter and the spirit of that promise, and it will yet be held in faith until the word comes, "It is enough, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Meet again the radiant wife of thy youth, and recount in grateful mood the vicissitudes of this unfamiliar pioneer life."

H. W. Naishitt.



WITH THE ELDERS.

XI.—AT "144."

THE cabman lands us safely at the Nottingham Conference headquarters, 144 Radford Boulevard. Just as our boxes are being taken down from the cab, we are approached by a dozen Nottingham lads. They all catch sight of the suggestive words, "Salt Lake City," on one of the boxes, and then in practiced unison burst into the unexpected popular song, beginning:

Chase me, girls, to Salt Lake City,
Where the women are so pretty.

The boys proceed up the street singing for all they are worth, and we, after settling with the cabman, turn to the Conference House. We pull the knob hanging by the side of the door and hear a cow bell sound in the back part of the house. Soon, however, the door swings and we are greeted by the warmest kind of a welcome. The Elders in charge seem to spare no pains in trying to make us feel at home, and unconsciously we begin immediately to adjust ourselves to "new surroundings." We are ushered into the office, a front room

on the ground floor, and here are subjected to a most thorough examination on affairs and conditions at home. We find the Elders all very anxious to learn what they can of home happenings from newly arrived missionaries. Never before did we realize how limited our experiences are regarding things constantly about us. It's often said one seldom studies home surroundings until removed from them. We have learned to appreciate the truth of such a statement.

While here let us learn something of our present mission home. The room into which we have just entered seems, on the whole, quite neat and pleasant. Everything is clean and in order. In one corner is a cupboard filled with conference records and also a goodly supply of books and tracts for the use of Elders laboring in the conference. Each Elder is obliged to purchase the literature he distributes, and we are told the diligent missionary pays out considerable in the course of a year or two for this purpose.

On the wall, by the side of the cupboard, hangs a fairly good picture of the Salt Lake Temple, and a yard or so to the right is one of the Prophet Joseph Smith. We are also interested in the portraits of various groups of missionaries hanging about the room and are joyed at finding, now and again, among them, the faces of old friends and acquaintances who have preceded us in these foreign parts.

We turn our attention to the bay window and make bold to ask the cause of so much broken glass. The reply is that it was broken a night or two ago by a "herd of hoodlums," bent on making it, as one of their number said, "unpleasant for the Mormons." The mob gathered quietly in the street immediately in front of the house and all of a sudden began shouting and yelling like mad men. Some of their leaders braved an

approach to the door and on being refused admittance urged the rabble to pelt whatever stones, etc., they could find at the building. Fortunately, however, for the house, but very few missiles were to be found, and as a result only about half the window panes were damaged. Some of the Elders manifest considerable interest in exhibiting the stones that found lodgment upon the office floor after their untimely passage through the window.

The mob dispersed feeling perhaps



NOTTINGHAM CONFERENCE-HOUSE.

quite satisfied with the warning given the Elders to leave town. Their head man declared the "Mormons" had been driven out of Bristol and would now have to leave Nottingham. But thanks to the good citizens and splendid police force, the rebellious mob dared not return to follow up its warning or the threat of its leader. We learn the people of Nottingham are fair-minded and

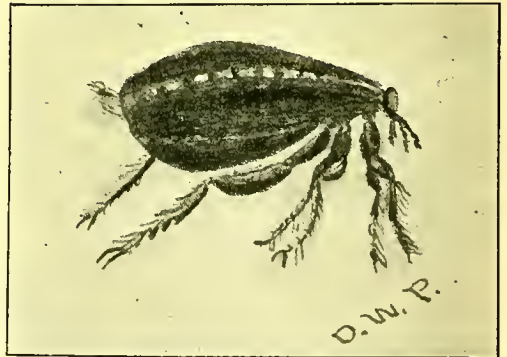
law-abiding. They denounce the actions of the lawless mob-members and readily brand them as "the slums" of the town.

Mobbings in England are rare, rare occurrences, much to the credit of her spirit of religious toleration and also to her well developed system of enforcing laws. America can learn much from old, conservative England in these matters.

Leaving the front room or office, we go back into the dining room, furnished with benches, wooden chairs, a good sized table, a roomy cupboard, and more pictures of Nottingham conference Elders. Next we enter the kitchen still farther back, with its fire place instead of stove or range. Here we find the cook, Sister T——, busily engaged preparing the four o'clock lunch or tea. We understand she looks after only the dinners, teas and suppers, and that the Elders stationed at the house take turns in getting breakfast. But then that is by no means a difficult task, for about the only thing prepared is mush. Mush you get nearly every morning. You may have it either "boiled, stewed or broiled." "Hotel de Boulevard" is run upon the European plan—you pay for what you get. Breakfasts, teas and suppers each cost three pence, dinners are four pence, and beds, per night, three pence.

The flight of stairs in the hall-way leads up to the second and third floors, both of which are occupied by bed rooms. Here the Elders snore, snooze and fight fleas. Everybody who has spent a night in the "upper regions" of "144" knows exactly what this means, especially fighting fleas. Our introduction to Mr. Flea is made while enjoying the first night's sleep at this our new lodging place. He is a shy little fellow and hard to catch. His name comes from the Anglo-Saxon "fled" and he is indeed well named, "Now you see him;

now you don't see him—he's fled." However, after many attempts we at last capture him. His skillful movements, together with his "liking for us," create a desire to learn more of him. He is about the size of a common pin head and his shape is shown in the accompanying drawing. His color is reddish-brown and his back is covered with horny scales, lapping over each other like shingles, and forming a shield so strong that considerable pressure is required to harm him. His little head is provided with a kind of sheath containing a tube and carrying two sharp, slender lancets. When in search of food these sharp, saw-toothed lancets are thrust through one's skin. Then Mr. Flea begins sawing until he has cut a



THE FLEA.

hole large enough to admit the tube with which he is provided. The tube is inserted and he begins pumping blood to the satisfaction of his appetite.

Like all other insects the flea has six legs. The two hindmost are so long and strong that he is able to jump great distances, sometimes going about two hundred times the length of his own body. If the average man could jump as well, he would be able to cover almost two Salt Lake City blocks in one leap. A lion with the same proportion-

ate ability would leap two-thirds of a mile in each bound. Mr. Flea can also jump more than as high as two hundred times his own length. He is indeed one of the greatest jumpers of the world.

Not only are fleas jumpers, but prize fighters as well. We read of their being trained just as fighting cocks, bull dogs, and pugilists. Considerable sums of money have been gambled away on their fighting abilities.

We are told, on good authority, that some of the tiny fleas have been taught to go through really wonderful performances. They have been trained to draw a little carriage and a miniature cannon and to do many amusing tricks. The carriage was made of gold and was drawn on a plate of glass by two fleas. The harness, also of gold, was fastened to the fleas by tying the tugs to the thighs of their hind legs. In the carriage sat the third flea as driver holding a splinter of wood for a whip. Two other fleas were harnessed, in the same manner, to the little gold cannon. The carriage and cannon were each many

times heavier than the fleas, yet were drawn with apparent ease.

Thirty other fleas were taught to take the part of soldiers going through a simple military exercise. They stood erect holding little splinters of wood for guns. Each flea knew its master and obeyed his commands. In case they became lazy or negligent they were at once aroused by the master waving a burning coal near enough to let them feel the heat. At feeding time they were placed on a man's arm and allowed to "help themselves."

But we must leave the interesting little fleas and make down stairs to breakfast, for the call, "Mush!" has already been given. Before eating, however, we all meet, as is the custom, in the office room for devotional exercises. During breakfast we make plans for spending the day in seeing some of the many places of interest to be found in the great city of Nottingham, and on leaving the table we begin at once to carry out the day's program.

Delbert W. Parratt.



SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETINGS.

SUPERINTENDENTS AND OFFICERS' MEETING.

PURSUANT to notice signed by the general superintendency, the Sunday School stake superintendents, assistants and secretaries, met at the assembly room of the Salt Lake Business College, Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Sunday, April 5, 1903, at 5 o'clock p. m., Assistant Superintendent George Reynolds presiding.

The brethren sang "O ye mountains high."

Prayer was offered by Elder J. W. Ure.

The roll was called, showing representatives from 37 stakes present.

Elder Geo. D. Pyper, manager of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, presented a statement of its condition on December 31, 1902. The report showed the business in good condition and the subscriptions increasing. The superintendents were urged to keep the promise made at their last meeting and increase the subscription ten per cent during the coming year. Elder Wm. A. Morton, the general agent of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, was introduced and made a few remarks.

Remarks were made by Elders George Reynolds and Thomas C. Griggs.

Assistant Superintendent Joseph M. Tanner spoke on the subject of the "Outlines." If the system is to be successful it will be due to the fact that the teachers will have prepared themselves before going into the Sunday Schools. Preparation is the watchword of the hour. A great deal will be learned as we move along and the questions that come up before us will be solved in due time. Encourage the students in their research and investigations and urge home study among them. He requested the superintendents to read the recent article in the JUVENILE entitled "If I Were Superintendent." There is a chance in the Priesthood meetings to encourage this preparatory work. Children should be urged to set aside an hour for reading and be taught that habit, for after all, success depends upon the preparation in the home. Teachers not prepared for the work Sunday after Sunday should be excused. Teachers should be especially prepared on the doctrines of the Church and Church history. Elder Tanner urged the superintendents to put this matter before the teachers of their respective schools and urge harmonious action.

Elder Henry Peterson spoke upon the same subject as Brother Tanner and upon the organization of Sunday School Unions.

The superintendents freely asked questions concerning the outlines and other matters and were answered in detail.

The meeting then adjourned with the benediction by Elder Seymour B. Young.

SEMI-ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

THE general semi-annual conference of the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints con-

vened in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday, April 5, 1903, at 7:30 p.m. General Superintendent Jos. F. Smith presiding.

Present: of the general superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, Geo. Reynolds and J. M. Tanner; most of the members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, several of the Apostles, and the Tabernacle was packed with officers, teachers, and Sunday School workers and Saints.

The Tabernacle choir sang the hymn:

Earth with her ten thousand flowers.

Prayer was offered by Elder John W. Taylor.

Messrs. Ashworth, Best, Christopher-son and Squires then rendered the quartette, "God is Love."

Secretary George D. Pyper called the roll of stakes, all but two being represented, as also were the Northwestern States, California and Colorado missions. The secretary also presented the following items gleaned from the annual report of the Sunday Schools:

Total number of schools in the organized stakes, 749; in the missions, 291—grand total, 1040; showing a gain of 64 schools during the year—33 in the organized stakes and 31 in the missions.

Number of officers and teachers in the organized stakes, 14,333; in the missions, 1647—total officers and teachers, 15,980; a gain of 782.

Number of pupils in organized stakes, 107,323, of whom 52,752 are male and 54,571 females; in the missions, 10,413, of whom 4821 are males and 5592 are females—grand total of pupils, 117,736; an increase of 3811—2818 in the stakes and 893 in the missions. This report shows there are 2590 more girls than boys in the Sunday Schools.

Total officers, teachers, missionaries and pupils in the stakes, 121,971, in the missions, 12,060—grand total, 134,031; a total increase of 4399 over 1901.

The average attendance for 1902 was 58 per cent, the same as for the previous year.

Secretary George D. Pyper then presented the officers of the Deseret

Sunday School Union, who were unanimously sustained; the only change being the addition of Elder Abraham O. Woodruff to the General Board.

Elder George Reynolds reported that since the last general Sunday School conference, the General Board had had a very busy time in the preparation and publication of the Outlines, 41,000 copies of which had been printed. He also drew attention to the comparatively small increase of attendance in the schools during the past year—to the necessity of considering the spiritual and mental condition of the children, as well as their age, when grading the schools, and strongly deprecated the tendency shown by some officers to shorten the Sunday School sessions.

Elder William Kirkup, superintendent of the Oneida Stake Sunday Schools, reported the work there in excellent condition, with twenty-four schools fully organized. Owing to the scattered condition of the stake, he said it had been divided into five districts in each of which union meetings would be held in order that the Sunday School workers throughout the stake might be able to keep in touch with the stake authorities. He was pleased with the progress made and appreciated fully the new outlines.

Superintendent T. B. Evans of Weber stake reported thirty-one schools nearly all in excellent condition, and said the stake union board held regular meetings and gave the lessons every consideration.

Professor John J. McClellan then rendered on the organ the inspiring selection, "Andantino."

Superintendent J. H. Taggart reported the Morgan stake. He said the work in that section was progressing and the stake board was patterning after the best in other stakes, culling out and adopting their good points.

Superintendent Josiah Burrows reported the Salt Lake stake, where, he said, there were forty-one fully organized schools. During last year the increase in membership in the Salt Lake Stake was 944, and the work was progressing nicely in all particulars. The stake union board was reorganized last December, and its members were diligent and painstaking in their labors. The board had been divided into several committees, and these attended to the different details of the work. Ward conferences had been brought to the attention of the schools, and those delinquent in this respect had been urged to give it their immediate attention.

Sister Lottie Owen then rendered a soprano solo, entitled "Calvary."

President Joseph F. Smith made a few remarks. He said the benefit of the Sunday School work to the children could not be too highly regarded by the Latter-day Saints. Parents should see to it that their children attended the Sabbath School, as this would do away with a great many of the difficulties confronting so many of the youth of Zion. President Smith pleaded with parents to do justice to their children by teaching them the first principles of the Gospel, and bringing them up as the Lord had decreed they should be. If they did not, the blood of the children would be upon the heads of the parents. Children were naturally anxious to go to Sunday School; all they needed was a little encouragement. If they got it there would be fewer boys in the land of Zion who would pollute themselves with tobacco and use language entirely unfit for human beings to utter.

Elder J. M. Tanner called attention to the meeting houses now in course of erection, and urged that they be so constructed as to provide for the proper accommodation of Sunday School class-

es. He felt that the efforts put forth by the Bishops to this end were very commendable, and he hoped the time was not far distant when all our meeting houses would be so built that they could

be used to advantage by the Sunday Schools.

The choir sang, "The Mountain of the Lord's House," and the benediction was pronounced by Elder J. E. Talmage.



SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

(Copyright, 1887, by John R. Sweeney. Used by Permission of Mrs. John R. Sweeney.)

Words by E. E. Hewitt.

Music by Jno. R. Sweeney.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King.
 3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near
 4. There's gladness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a - ny earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light,
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing,
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN

Oh, there's sun - - shine, blessed sun - - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
 sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,

roll; When Je - sus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
 happy moments roll;

ANNUAL STATISTICAL AND FINANCIAL REPORT OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Organized Stakes of Zion.

NAME OF STAKE OR MISSION.	STAKE SUPERIN- TENDENT OR MISSION PRESIDENT.	P. O. ADDRESS.	No. of Schools.	No of times schools held during year.	No. of Officers and Teachers.	Average Attendance of Officers and Teachers.	No. of Male Pupils.	No. of Female Pupils.	Total No. of Pupils.
Alberta (E. Dist)	L. H. Holbrook	Raymond, Canada	4	187	92	67	440	388	828
Alberta (W. Dist)	W. H. Steed	Cardston, Canada	8	364	146	90	497	489	986
Alpine	L. S. Harrington	American Fork, Ut.	17	744	401	268	1655	1754	3409
Bannock	Nathan Barlow	Chesterfield, Idaho	14	595	216	138	60	611	1211
Bear Lake	John A. Sutton, Jr.	Paris, Idaho	22	1024	390	237	1416	1350	2766
Beaver	Wm Fotheringham	Beaver, Utah	6	274	105	71	419	450	869
Benson	John M. Anderson	Mendon, Utah	9	443	273	204	1065	1063	2128
Big Horn	Samuel E. Wilcock	Lovel, B. H. Co., Wyo	7	279	119	65	466	436	902
Bingham	C. S. Crabtree	Idaho Falls, Idaho	34	1434	590	326	1913	2017	3930
Box Elder	John D. Peters	Brigham City, Utah	25	1198	525	344	1521	1552	3073
Cache	John E. Carlisle	Logan, Utah	11	533	323	214	1390	1518	2908
Cassia	Orson P. Bates	Oakley, Idaho	16	790	247	151	731	746	1477
Davis	A. L. Clark	Farlington, Utah	17	813	413	281	1518	1646	3164
Emery	Levi N. Harmon	Price, Utah	15	690	304	174	1266	1280	2546
Fremont	John T. Mueller	Rexburg, Idaho	26	1105	400	239	1549	1560	3109
Granite	Geo. M. Cannon	Salt Lake City, Utah	19	912	422	296	2098	2173	4271
Hyrum	Chas. R. Bailey	Wellsville, Utah	12	561	260	177	905	952	1857
Jordan	J. J. Williams, Jr.	Sandy, Utah R.D. F. 1	16	681	282	175	1241	1237	2448
Juab	Langley A. Bailey	Neph, Utah	11	532	250	153	691	918	1609
Juarez	Jesse N. Smith, Jr.	Colonia Dublin, Mex.	9	426	222	127	939	908	1847
Kanab	T. C. Hoyt	Kanab, Utah	6	277	88	53	400	411	811
Malad	Owen T. Davis	Samaria, Idaho	13	543	209	135	672	659	1331
Maricopa	Geo. W. Lewis	Mesa, Arizona	5	245	102	64	304	314	618
Millard	Thos. Memmott	Scipio, Utah	11	541	233	151	846	945	1791
Morgan	James H. Taggart	Morgan, Utah	8	375	168	97	358	413	771
Neto	Samuel Brockbank	Spanish Fork, Utah	15	767	411	265	1659	1715	3374
North Sanpete	John L. Bench, Jr.	Fairview, Utah	15	786	286	155	1136	1249	2385
Onelda	Wm. Kirkup	Franklin, Idaho	24	1128	437	235	1322	1200	2522
Panguitch	Alma Barney	Panguitch, Utah	12	515	178	97	683	794	1477
Parowan	Jos. H. Armstrong	Cedar City, Utah	8	318	142	75	667	697	1364
Pocatello	L. C. Pond	Pocatello, Idaho	14	664	226	146	714	640	1354
Salt Lake	Joshua Burrows	Salt Lake City, Utah	40	1352	997	769	4323	4860	9183
St. George	Geo. E. Miles	St. George, Utah	30	1352	407	267	1515	1347	2862
St. Johns	J. W. Brown	St. Johns, Arizona	9	425	145	84	406	321	727
St. Joseph	Joseph H. Lines	Pima, Arizona	20	819	324	168	835	930	1825
San Juan	H. M. Taylor	Mancos, Colorado	7	265	109	66	438	397	835
San Luis	Ira B. Whitney	Sanford, Colorado	6	243	98	61	472	419	891
Sevier	W. A. Seegmiller	Richfield, Utah	19	853	314	206	1445	1553	2998
Snowflake	James M. Flake	Snowflake, Arizona	10	395	132	84	395	356	751
South Sanpete	Newton E. Noyes	Ephraim, Utah	9	427	196	117	794	950	1744
Star Valley	Warren Longhurst	Afton, Wyoming	10	468	181	106	664	623	1287
Summit	Wm. L. Hansen	Coalville, Utah	21	950	355	217	934	938	1872
Teton	Jas. F. Griggs	Alta, Utah Co., Wyo	10	351	131	70	397	359	747
Tooele	William Spry	Grantsville, Utah	11	507	174	108	715	731	1446
Uintah	J. P. Rudy	Vernal, Utah	9	304	163	98	725	815	1540
Union	J. M. Grant Geddes	Baker City, Oregon	11	460	173	97	413	410	823
Utah	Lars E. Eggertsen	Springville, Utah	26	1195	552	346	2217	2475	4692
Wasatch	Jos. H. Lambert	Heber City, Utah	11	528	233	133	728	776	1498
Wayne	Thos. W. Forsyth	Loa, Utah	13	567	184	110	460	433	893
Weber	Thomas B. Evans	Ogden, Utah	31	1528	782	493	3006	2975	5981
Woodruff	George A. Peart	Randolph, Utah	17	687	226	118	759	833	1592
Totals of Stakes,			749	33920	14333	9088	52752	54571	107323

Various Missions.

Australia	James Duckworth	Sydney, Australia	6	284	30	25	96	104	200
California	Jos. E. Robinson	San Francisco, Cal.	7	344	50	37	136	120	256
Colorado	Jos. A. McRae	Denver, Colorado	6	284	53	35	126	143	269
Eastern States	John G. McQuarrie	New York City, N. Y.	5	180	32	23	77	83	160
Germany	Hugh J. Cannon	Berlin, Germany	24	1035	136	120	401	505	906
Great Britain	Francis M. Lyman	Liverpool, England	34	636	209	171	614	675	1289
Hawaii	W. M. Waddoups	Honolulu, Sand. Isl.	45	1873	245	180	762	935	1697
Japan	Heber J. Grant	Yatsuya, Tokyo	1	19	3	3	7	4	11
Middle States	Ben. E. Rich	Cincinnati, Ohio	15	535	84	62	169	190	359
Netherlands	Willard T. Cannon	Rotterdam, Holland	12	535	92	72	299	357	656
N. W. States	N. Pratt	Spokane, Washington	2	97	13	6	64	61	125
Northern States	Asahel H. Woodruff	Chicago, Illinois	8	275	51	39	114	87	201
New Zealand	Charles B. Bartlett	Auckland, N. Zealand	39	1315	107	85	563	634	1197
Samoa	Jos. H. Merrill	Apa, Samoa	9	292	38	30	153	126	279
Scandinavia	A. L. Skanchy	Copenhagen, Den.	26	1234	234	172	553	825	1378
Southern States	E. H. Nye	Box 381 Atlanta, Ga.	15	548	85	50	166	206	372
S. W. States	C. England	Kansas City Mo.	25	886	135	102	286	292	578
Switzerland	Levi Edgar Young	Zurich, Switzerland	12	572	50	44	235	245	480
Totals of Missions			291	10944	1647	1259	4821	5592	10413
Totals of Stakes			749	33920	14333	9088	52752	54571	107323
Grand Totals			1040	44864	15980	10347	57573	60163	117736

JOSEPH F. SMITH, GEORGE REYNOLDS, JOSEPH M. TANNER, General Superintendency.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1902.

Organized Stakes of Zion.

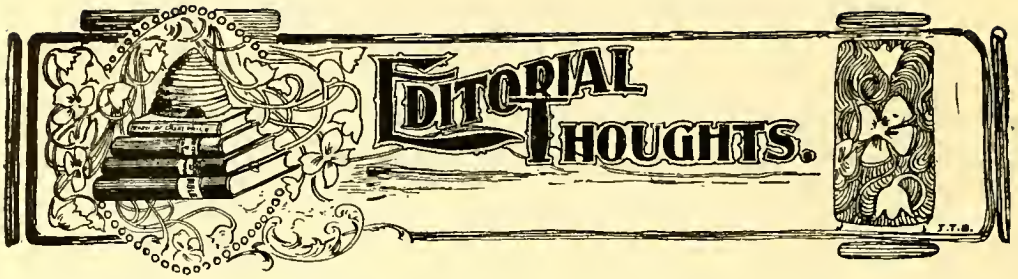
Average Attendance of Pupils.	No. of Stake S. S. Officers & Members of Board not on Ward Roll.	Total No. Officers, Teachers, Pupils, Stake S. S. Officers and Members of Bd.	No. of Pupils in Kindergarten and Primary Depts.	No. of Pupils in First Intermediate Depts.	No. of Pupils in Second Intermediate Depts.	No. of Pupils in Theological Depts.	No. of Cottage Sunday Schools December 31st.	Membership of Cottage Sunday Schools.	Cash on Hand at Last Report and Collected During Year.	Cash Disbursed including Nickel Contribution handed to Stake Supt.	Cash in Treasury
554	1	921	306	177	122	223			276 10	228 75	47 35
558	4	1136	365	169	193	259			276 76	194 86	81 90
1946	5	9815	1504	684	666	555			730 52	515 43	215 09
575	6	1433	473	212	184	342			215 93	167 17	48 76
1450	7	3163	1115	506	467	678			512 28	401 53	110 85
639	1	978	390	166	136	177			57 55	52 60	4 95
1096	4	2405	908	382	423	415			181 45	152 05	29 40
504	7	1028	348	210	118	226			108 40	76 85	31 53
1927	5	4525	1589	728	680	983			619 60	492 55	127 05
1733	10	3617	1154	585	496	838			714 47	566 01	148 46
1695	14	3245	1014	583	714	597			539 14	403 64	135 50
845	4	1728	580	281	278	338			365 30	247 36	117 94
1744	8	3585	1222	551	506	885			561 73	440 52	121 21
1442		2850	888	508	524	626	1	52	275 21	229 01	46 20
1623	15	3524	1282	623	504	700			650 51	515 04	65 47
2403	17	4710	1903	656	738	974			703 79	523 77	150 02
1210	4	2121	643	435	297	482			394 25	332 07	62 15
1443	6	2736	979	523	417	529			932 53	759 17	173 36
1087		1859	469	374	370	396			211 05	184 20	26 85
1043	7	2076	622	330	297	598			485 57	331 23	154 34
494		899	275	145	171	220			108 35	53 93	54 42
701		1540	515	247	222	347			283 30	259 40	23 90
343	4	724	289	105	98	146			125 70	93 75	31 95
1086		2024	665	318	291	517			501 31	260 19	241 12
461	12	561	329	132	111	199			213 16	190 36	22 80
1795	8	3793	1203	663	659	849	1	32	618 64	467 40	151 24
1474	5	2676	893	503	548	441			394 10	367 52	26 58
1473	4	2963	869	525	398	730			428 63	307 98	120 65
814	5	1660	612	297	265	303			123 90	93 10	30 80
712		1506	642	192	202	328			279 48	247 13	32 35
651	6	1586	547	252	212	343			177 45	152 80	24 65
5755	19	10199	3788	1740	1363	2292			4220 14	3391 24	828 90
1692	5	3274	1123	517	501	721	3	30	417 48	372 03	45 45
424		872	250	123	114	240			114 36	101 50	12 80
904	15	2164	823	290	287	425	1	27	279 14	226 33	52 81
442		944	283	131	159	262			83 45	71 95	11 50
418	5	994	306	162	105	318			109 15	87 75	21 40
1807	4	3316	1034	604	539	821			355 98	325 51	30 46
451	10	893	302	125	142	182			112 38	84 29	28 09
1028	7	1941	682	365	341	356			383 66	332 27	51 39
665	5	1473	482	211	233	361			138 32	119 62	18 70
1087	10	2237	833	355	343	341			493 98	418 55	75 43
420	6	884	206	156	136	249			152 30	121 25	31 05
769	4	1624	632	207	191	416			354 30	258 85	95 45
722	9	1712	643	272	226	399			364 52	293 55	70 97
489		996	300	190	106	227	1	45	243 28	142 28	101 00
2661	4	5248	1603	820	885	1384			836 88	659 81	177 07
899	3	1734	542	363	334	259	1	69	579 99	330 12	249 87
397	2	1079	305	178	170	240			74 80	73 40	1 40
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Various Missions.

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176		306	64	22	27	143			51 75	40 24	11 51
113		322	54	35	84	96	1	26	69 63	68 02	1 61
96		192	42	20	42	56			10 43	10 33	10
603		1042	173	283	99	351			208 04	183 37	24 67
873		1495	279	158	181	671			93 26	68 88	24 38
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216		447	116	52	53	138			52 06	45 75	6 31
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67485	315	134031	44278	22770	20558	30130	13	311	25627 42	20279 51	5847 91

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APRIL 15, 1903.

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SHALL WE MAKE GRATITUDE A DEBT?



WE are almost daily put under obligations to one another, especially to friends and acquaintances, and the sense of obligation creates within us feelings of thankfulness and appreciation which we call gratitude. The spirit of gratitude is always pleasant and satisfying because it carries with it a sense of helpfulness to others; it begets love and friendship, and engenders divine influences. Gratitude is said to be the memory of the heart.

And where there is an absence of gratitude either to God or man, there is the presence of vanity and the spirit

of self-sufficiency. Speaking of Israel, Paul says: "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." Rom. 1:21.

Thomas Gibbons expresses in verse most beautifully the idea of ingratitude:

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

Ingratitude is, perhaps, one of the most serious conditions of life; for it is rather a condition than an act. The most hardened criminals, and men of the most reckless indifference to the rights and privileges of others, will resent the charge of ingratitude when they are willing to confess almost every other sort of wrong. The accusation of ingratitude is in the nature of the denial of a man's capability of doing good, or that he is actuated by any kindly feelings whatever toward even his friends. The charge of ingratitude is then one of a most serious nature, and naturally men resent the accusation. In the first place, who has the right to charge his fellow-man with ingratitude? Certainly not the man who is actuated by selfish motives—motives that have to do with his own desires and not with the good of others. The Lord frequently reminded His chosen people of their ingratitude, but His accusations against them were always prompted by a wish for their good.

People are not infrequently heard to

say that those who have not complied with their wishes and expectations have been guilty of ingratitude. And why? Because those who make the accusation have at some time performed an act which they thought put the one who received the benefits of it under special obligations. Now the question arises, Has one the right to put his friends under obligations to the extent that he robs them of their future liberty to act as they see fit, and according to their conscience and judgment?

Naturally people feel grateful to those who have done them a kindness, and the feeling of gratitude is generally a sufficient compensation for those who have done a kind and unselfish act. But when one does a favor for another, and behind that favor is the secret and selfish intent that the gratitude which is awakened by the favor shall become a debt which the receiver at some time and in some way must repay to the selfish needs of the one who bestowed the favor, then gratitude becomes a debt which it is expected will be paid.

An act of apparent kindness can never result in good when it is intended to put any man under obligations that deprive him of his freedom to act. That is the characteristic of a politician. It is buying up one's freedom, and such a bargain is worse upon the man who seeks to make it than Shylock's contract for a pound of flesh. How often we mistake people who go around speaking kind words, performing generous acts with no other or higher motive than that of placing the persons upon whom they would bestow their pretended kindnesses under obligations, which they come to regard as a sort of political capital.

When we win the friendship of others because that friendship is helpful and encouraging to us, and because we need it for our happiness in life, gratitude of

others toward us has a beautiful and lasting charm. That is the gratitude which Saints enjoy; the other class belongs to the politician, and hence the suspicion which political methods always arouse among those who are wary and are familiar with the devious ways of a selfish political life.

The politicians would like to have gratitude to mean "a lively sense of favors to come"—to themselves—or to be bestowed upon themselves in return for their acts or gifts to others.

It is always safer and better to enjoy the gratitude which we feel to others than to set store upon the gratitude which we think others should have toward us. The grateful man sees so much in the world to be thankful for, and with him the good outweighs the evil. Love overpowers jealousy, and light drives darkness out of his life. Pride destroys our gratitude and sets up selfishness in its place. How much happier we are in the presence of a grateful and loving soul; and how careful we should be to cultivate, through the medium of a prayerful life, a thankful attitude toward God and man!

Jos. F. Smith.

THE 9:45 TEACHERS' MEETING.

THERE exists some difference in opinion and practice as to the purpose of the meeting held by the officers and teachers about 9:45 on Sunday morning, prior to the opening of the usual exercises of the Sunday School. It would perhaps be difficult to arrange any set program for this meeting, but it may be safely said that it should be as simple as possible consistent with the purpose for which the teachers convene. It is not an occasion for multiplying songs and prayers, neither is it intended to take the place of the regular teachers' meeting; it is rather for the purpose of

awakening feelings of reverence and devotion so that the mind and heart may alike be prepared for the regular work of the school. The meeting is intended to fill the heart with feelings of grave responsibility for the divine calling of instructing the children in the ways of the Lord.

As a general rule, the simple heart-felt prayer in which all the teachers follow, attentively and silently, the one who leads in prayer, may be sufficient. A word of inquiry from the superintendent to the teachers about their preparations might not be out of place; and words of welcome and brotherly greetings will always be encouraging and helpful.

During the meeting some one, not always the same person, should be left in the main building to welcome the children who come early; and all the teachers may very profitably be in a position to welcome the pupils at least five minutes before the school opens.

By these early morning meetings the teachers come into touch with one another, and feel a mutual interest that they never enjoy when they come into the schoolroom without the opportunity of kindly greetings and prayer. It has been asked whether in these meetings it would not be desirable to sing a hymn, but that is hardly thought necessary, and while it is not discouraged it is believed that the time scarcely warrants the introduction of music on an occasion when greetings and the solemnity that comes from prayer produces the influences most desired. It is certainly recommended that the superintendent and teachers in these meetings avoid the discussion of all questions foreign to the work and spirit of the Sunday School.

DON'T SHORTEN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SESSIONS.

WE have noticed with extreme regret

an inclination on the part of some superintendents and teachers to reduce the time of the Sunday School session from two hours to one hour and a half, or somewhat less. The excuse given is that it is difficult to keep up the interest of the children for the longer period. We opine, however, that the difficulty is in the officers and teachers rather than in the children, for we have found in the schools of which we now complain that the instructions of the General Board of the Union are often not carried out. For instance, the concert recitations, the singing practices and other exercises which should be observed every Sunday, are, as a rule, omitted; nor are the lessons considered and recited with that thoroughness that the "Outlines" provide for. Two hours each week are none too long a time for the religious education of our children, except perhaps the very little ones in the Primary and Kindergarten, who may be dismissed at half past eleven instead of twelve. The trouble we fear lies with those who have charge of the schools and of the departments that they are not thoroughly in love with their work. They perform their labors from a sense of duty, because they have been called thereto by the proper authority. This is not enough. The successful Sunday School worker must love the children and love his work and give his whole heart to it, and then he will not find the two hours too long.

Another cause for this tendency is the lack of preparation. The teacher comes into the class unprepared for his work. Then he muddles along as best he can, longing for the minutes to pass. Fellow teachers, this should not be. Preparation! Preparation!! is the watchword of the successful Sunday School teacher. Without it you will drag in the rear, with all the inconveniences and annoyances.

that that condition ensures. Work and study during the week that on the Sunday morning you may be at your post fully alive to your lessons, and in a condition to lead the pupils and make the exercises both interesting and instructive.



TESTIMONY BEARING IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE practice of bearing testimonies once a month in the Sabbath Schools has become so general, and is of such far-reaching importance to the faith and happiness of our young people, that a word of caution and of encouragement may be helpful at this time. It is not the chief purpose of testimony bearing to accumulate physical evidences of the truth of the Gospel. It is not so much argument and physical demonstration that are wanted as it is the cultivation of the Spirit of God within the hearts of the children.

Many of the children live in homes where there is comparatively little or no sickness, and perhaps have no opportunity whatever to witness manifestations of divine power in the healing of the sick. At testimony meetings, these children would perhaps have little to say if the idea prevailed that the testimonies of the children were to consist chiefly, if not wholly, in recounting instances of healing through the administrations of the Elders.

The healing of the sick is but one of those spiritual blessings that follow those who have faith, and the blessing belongs peculiarly to the Church, but is not confined exclusively to those who are members of the Church. In Christ's day, many were healed who were strangers to His great mission, simply through their faith in Him, or that the glory of God might be made manifest.

Now the healing of the sick is simply

one of the evidences; but if it were the only evidence of the divinity of this work it would be insufficient, because in the organization of the Church, the existence of Apostles, the gathering, the payment of tithes and offerings, the laying on of hands, baptism, and other laws and ordinances of the Gospel are equally evidences of its divine origin, and the importance of one ought not to be emphasized at the neglect of any other. The fact that all these ordinances and principles are taught and practiced by the Saints constitutes a convincing argument that the Church is now the same as it was in the days of the Master.

Testimony bearing should have a strong educational influence upon the feelings and lives of the children, and it is intended to cultivate within them feelings of thankfulness and appreciation for the blessings they enjoy. The Spirit of God may work within the life of a child and make the child realize and know that this is the work of God. The child knows it rather because of the Spirit than because of some physical manifestation which he may have witnessed. Our testimony, meetings, then should have as one of their aims the cultivation of the children's feelings of gratitude not only toward God, but toward their parents, teachers and neighbors. It is advisable, therefore, to cultivate as far as possible their appreciation for the blessings that they enjoy.

Some of these blessings can be pointed out by the teacher, and the children will soon discover in their daily experiences, circumstances and advantages and opportunities which appeal to them as the blessings of God, and little by little they will come to associate all that they have in life with their Heavenly Father, and in time they will learn to acknowledge His hand in all things. When men and women come to asso-

ciate their lives in all their details with divine purposes, and feel that God is over all, and their thoughts and feelings are associated with His purposes, then they grow in that condition that entitles them to the name of Saints. Children, then, who grow up with a disposition to acknowledge God's hand in all things are likely to have a purer and higher faith than children whose thoughts and feelings are rarely associated with the idea of responsibility to an over-ruling Providence.

Testimony bearing is chiefly for the benefit of those who bear the testimony in that their gratitude and appreciation are deepened. Testimony bearing is not the accumulation of arguments or evidences solely for the satisfaction and testimony of others. Let the testimonies then of the young people include the training of their feelings by way of making them more appreciative and more thankful for the blessings they enjoy, and the children should be made to understand what these blessings are and how they come to them. It is an excellent way to make people helpful and thankful to others, by first making them thankful to God.

We are all under constant obligations which we should never be allowed to forget, and our testimonies on the Sabbath day should have for one of their objects the cultivation of the feelings of indebtedness to others. In this way testimony bearing may be made to cover a wide range of interests, and the children will be as ready to instance the fact that we pay our tithing, or that we have the Priesthood of God in the Church to prove the truthfulness of the Gospel as they are to cite instances wherein the sick have been healed. Testimony bearing consequently should not be confined simply to one instance wherein faith is exercised.

If we go to extremes in this matter, in time the children may come to look upon the Gospel as the establishment of a sanitary institution for the restoration of the sick, and they may be allured by professional healers beyond the pale of the Church. It is better to broaden the foundations of their spiritual life and give them a comprehensive idea of the workings of faith in all the departments of the Church. Whatever good thing or truth the Spirit prompts the child to utter, whether in expression of gratitude or evidence of healing, may be wisely encouraged in the testimonies which the children are taught to bear.

Jos. F. Smith.

SALE OF THE "OUTLINES."

REPORTS have been made to the General Board of the Union that some superintendents have complained that their schools have received no copies of the "Outlines." On investigation it has generally been found that these schools had not ordered any. The Union Board has had a total of forty one thousand copies of the various numbers of the "Outlines" printed, and is selling them at a nominal price (five cents a copy,) with the hope that every Sunday School throughout Zion will adopt them, but they have not been forced on any school by copies being forwarded before they were ordered. Brethren, you who have not got them, send in your orders; the books accomplish no good lying on our shelves.



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

TEA AND COFFEE AT PUBLIC FESTIVITIES.



QUESTION: Saints in wards meet at times in the capacity of reunions, old people's parties and in commemoration of the organization of the Relief Societies and, at such gatherings, may partake of a lunch. Recently coffee and tea were

served at a gathering of the Saints, in their meeting house, and some young sisters, members of the Y. L. M. I. A., were called upon to act as waiters. This gathering combined in one assembly the three divisions mentioned. Is it consistent to have coffee and tea served to those who may wish to drink these beverages at said meetings? It would be very interesting to me and perhaps beneficial to others, to read an answer to this question in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ANSWER: Generally "Old Folks Parties" are gotten up in the interest of all classes—Jews, Gentiles and Saints. When this is the case, to provide tea or coffee for the aged who are accustomed to use the same, would only be an act of unselfishness and generosity or of tolerance. But Saints who understand the principles of the Gospel and the purity of their religion will never indulge in the practice of using strong and hot drinks even if they are aged, realizing as they

must do that they are not only better off physically by abstaining from such practices, but that not to refrain is a disregard of the word of the Lord. He or she is a saint only who can be and is so in the presence of temptation without falling into it. It is much better, when these or any other gatherings are held among the Saints and for their benefit, that no such practices be countenanced or permitted. The word of the Lord with reference to temperance, as well as to all other subjects should be held by all the Saints as most sacred.



CHANGES IN THE CONFERENCE DATES.

THE following changes have been made in the dates on which the Annual Sunday School Conferences of the undermentioned stakes will be held:

Utah Stake on Sunday, May 24.
Summit Stake on Sunday, June 28.
West Alberta on Sunday, July 19.
East Alberta on Sunday, July 26.



RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

PLANS.

Primary Grade.

LESSON XXIX.

First Step. Song: "Zion is Growing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Blessing on food. Our Father in heaven, we thank thee for this food and ask thee to bless it to our use and us to thy service, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Fourth Step. Story of the frogs and the lice. Ex. 8: 1-19.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, Accept our True Devotion." Prayer.

LESSON XXX.

First Step. Song: "Zion is Growing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Blessing on food (continued).

Fourth Step. Story of the flies and the murrain. (Ex. 8: 20; 9: 6.)

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, Accept our True Devotion." Prayer.

Intermediate Grade.

LESSON XXIX.

First Step. Song: "Zion is Growing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Ordinances of the Gospel Administering to the sick. The anointing. (See note 1.)

Fourth Step. Casting out an unclean spirit. (Luke 4: 31-41.) Memorize 35.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, Accept our True Devotion." Prayer.

LESSON XXX.

First Step. Song: "Zion is Growing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Ordinances of the Gospel. Administering to the sick. Sealing the anointing (See note 1).

Fourth Step. Cleansing of a leper. Luke 5: 12-16. Memorize 12.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, Accept our True Devotion." Prayer.

Advanced Grade.

LESSON XXIX.

First Step. Song: "Nay, Speak no Ill."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Ordinances of the Gospel. The sacrament. Blessing on the water (continued.)

Fourth Step. The baptism of the "Lamb of God" foreseen. The obedience to the Father. His example to us. The straight gate and narrow way. Holy Ghost will show the way. II Nephi 31, 32.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord Accept our True Devotion." Prayer.

LESSON XXX.

First Step. Song: "Nay, Speak no Ill."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Ordinances of the Gospel. The sacrament (continued.) (See note 2.)

Fourth Step. Review briefly the work of Nephi. His pathetic farewell. His charity. His last admonition to his people. (II Nephi, 33.) Memorize 7.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord Accept our True Devotion." Prayer.

Notes and Suggestions.


1. There is no set form for this ordinance; those administering are left to their best judgment and the guidance of inspiration. There are, however, some things that ought not to be left out of the administering or the sealing part of the ordinance. The Elders are careful that the anointing is actually sealed, and that all is done in the name of the Lord. Usually both parts of the ordinance are short and pointed, the former being the briefer. Sometimes the person administered to desires to take some oil inwardly; in which case no words are used. It would be well to have the children's attention directed to these things in order that they may observe them when these and other ordinances are performed in their presence; but care should, of course, be exercised that they do not become hypocritical in these matters.

2. It is the desire of the Church authorities

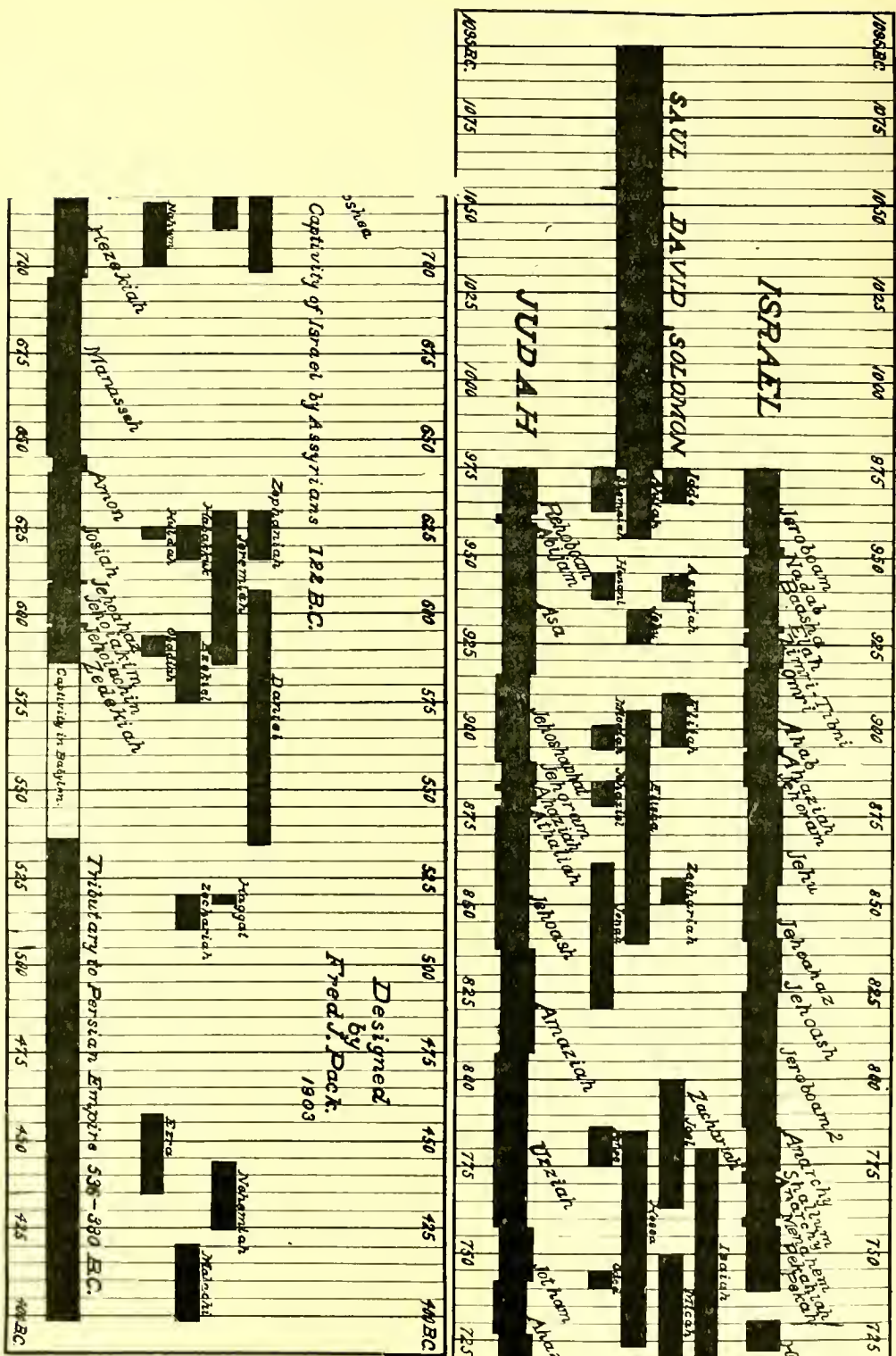
that the blessing on the bread and the water be thoroughly memorized. Some Elders have expressed themselves as unable to learn correctly these two blessings, pointing out their poor memories as a cause. The fault lies, not in the lack of a good memory, but in the lack of attention to the points of difference between what are sometimes thought to be similar expressions. If these differences are pointed out and dwelt upon, a great deal of the supposed difficulty in committing to memory these blessings will vanish. Formerly, if one may digress for an instant, spelling was taught by conning over and over again each lesson, sometimes aloud. Now, however, attention is directed to the specific difference between what would otherwise be similar words, and writing their differences. Thus, for example, disaPpoint, diSSapoint, where attention is called to the difficult letters. It is much the same in learning the blessing on the sacrament. If this be done, and done especially with the growing generation, we shall not find so many who excuse their "inability" to learn it by inveighing against their "poor memories" or declaring the absurd belief that the Lord made the blessing hard on purpose. If, however, there be some who, after the utmost diligence, are unable to learn the blessings by heart, it is better for them to use the cards than to misquote the words of the Lord in this matter.



A NEW CHRONOLOGICAL CHART.

 ON the page opposite to this we print a chronological chart of the kings and prophets of Judah and Israel, from the days of Saul, the first king of Israel, (B. C. 1095) to those of Malachi, the last of the prophets whose words appear in the Old Testament, (B. C. 400). This valuable chart has been prepared by Elder Fred J. Pack, of the University of Utah, with the special object of assisting the students of the theological department in the studies assigned to the first year, which embrace the period covered by this chart—the latter half of the Old Testament.*

*This chart will also be published in leaflet form for the convenience of students.



GOD HEARS OUR PRAYERS.



YOUNG girl paced her room in despair. The other members of the family had gone to rest long ago, but her troubled soul found no relief. At last she sat down, and began to think over her past life. Born of goodly parents, she was raised with an older sister and a brother and sister younger than herself. They were held to very strict account at home, and were not allowed to follow after their own wills. When the girl, Mary, was six years old, her mother became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and she instructed her children in its doctrines. These teachings made a deep impression on the minds of the two elder girls, and they often talked together on the principles of the Gospel, and told each other that they would never get married in their own country, but would wait until they gathered with the Saints in Zion.

Years passed by, but their father could not see the light of the Gospel, and Mary's elder sister loved and married a good young man, but he did not believe in the Gospel. Mary still remembered her words, but when one day a young man asked her for her love, she went into her chamber and on her knees asked God not to forsake her. Yet she loved that young man, and it seemed to her the greatest trial of her life to leave him. At that time her father was very sick, and he soon afterwards died. That was her first sorrow, for he had been a kind and good father. After awhile her mother, having waited fourteen years, made preparations to leave for Utah. One day, an Elder came to talk with her on that subject. Mary sat in a corner of the room, and listened to all that was said. She had seen many Elders before, but none had made such

an impression on her. Peace left her from that hour, and a few days after she wrote to that Elder, asking him for his advice in her situation. The answer soon came. She felt sure what it was, yet she had a vain hope for something different. He told her to thank the Lord that He gave her that trial in time. That she should tell the young man all about it, and if he really loved her, he would search the Gospel, and accept it. And if he neglected it, she should thank God for the warning that He had given her. This she did, and the young man told her that she need never expect him to become a Mormon, and if she wanted to be a Mormon, it was best for them to part. The hour of her trial had now come, the battle between love and duty. For two days she was in distress, and did not come to any conclusion. She knew that God would punish her if she rejected the Gospel. She read over and over again the commandments and blessings which God had given His children, and she prayed that He would give peace to her soul. At last she fell asleep, and in the morning she went with a firm resolve to the young man and told him that she would go and share her future with the people of God. He was very disappointed, but she was firm, and with a sore heart, but with peace in her soul, she made preparations for Utah.

A short time before she left, she was baptized and confirmed by that same Elder who had advised her. He told her among other things, that she would gather to Zion, and become the wife of a kind and loving husband. With many tears she left her beautiful native land, and came to Utah in company with her mother, brother and sister, leaving behind her older sister with a small family, little thinking that she would never

see her again in this life. It was a great trial for her sister, and her health began to fail.

The little family settled in Utah, close by where a Temple of God stands. Mary was very homesick, and thought she would never love again. She sent the young man who had been her suitor the Church books, but she never knew what he thought of them. She corresponded with the Elder who had baptized her, and he, in a letter, advised her to go before the Lord and ask Him to show her the man whom He designed for her, to be her husband for time and all eternity.

By this time she had made the acquaintance of a young man who had come home from a mission a little while before. The first time that she saw him she felt as though she was meeting an old acquaintance, and she thought it would not surprise her if he should ask her to become his wife. And so it came to pass. She went before the Lord in fasting and in prayer for four days, and He showed her in a plain way, that she would become the wife of that man; further that the blessing of God would rest upon her if she would continue to serve Him. She even received a promise concerning her posterity, and was told to keep these words in remembrance. Her heart was filled with joy over this manifestation.

They were married soon afterwards in the Temple of the Lord. God was with her, and she felt a sweet, holy influence in His House. She prayed that He would be their leader all their days, and help them to raise a family to His honor.

Years have passed since then. Her sister died, leaving four little children. Her last wish was to be able to get baptized. She died in full faith. When her mother received the news of her daughter's death she went to the Temple to do the work for her. The night after,

the daughter appeared in a vision to her sister Mary, dressed as we put our dead in the grave, shining in glory. That was a testimony to Mary and showed her what a great blessing there is in Temple work. Her sister's husband married again and became a faithful member of the Church, and he has a family of ten children, and through God's mercy they are all good Latter-day Saints.

Mary has had many trying hours in her married life. She has suffered much from ill health, and it has been very hard for her to raise her family, as they never have had much means, and she always has had to work hard to help them to live honestly. When she got married she had a patriarchal blessing given to her, in which she was told that she should live as long on this earth as she desired. But later on when her health was very low, her faith began to fail. She sought another blessing and prayed that the Lord might show her, if she was living according to His will. The answer, through the patriarch, was that the Lord was pleased with the covenants which she had made in His holy house; that her days and years should be lengthened and she should not doubt, for the promises were sure, and that on account of her faithfulness, the Lord would not withhold any good gift from her. She thanked God for the consolation He had thus given her through His servant. Her health is better, and her strength grows with her family. She now has five children, and is trying to raise them in the fear of God, and she always advises boys and girls not to play with love, but to look at it as something sacred and holy, and to go to the Lord in humble prayer when they don't know what to do. For in all her married life, in all circumstances, she has felt the sweet, comforting influence of the Holy Spirit. And she has trusted

in God, knowing that He would do all things well.

Her husband is on a mission again in his native land, and they are thankful to be able to do something toward the building up of God's kingdom. Their faith grows stronger, and they thank the Lord for His wise leading. The words of that Elder have been fulfilled, and

often Mary looks back with gratitude to the days when she received the Gospel, and she feels that whatever her lot has been it was for her good, and is ever thankful for the one good gift which was promised, and which God has given her—a kind and loving husband.

Mary Kent.



REPORT OF THE STAR VALLEY SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



THE following is a brief statement of the condition of the Sunday Schools of the Star Valley Stake during the year 1902:

AFTON has commenced promptly at 10 o'clock every Sunday except one during the year. Has an energetic corps of workers. Took prize of one dozen Sunday School song books awarded by the Stake Board for best concert recitation of the Word of Wisdom, December 21, 1902. Is a model of order.

AUBURN.—On account of small ward and so many having moved away, the school lacks support to make it progressive.

BEDFORD.—The people in a scattered condition. There is a lack of harmony between some of the Sunday School workers and the ward authorities.

FREEDOM has made rapid progress during the year. Paid highest proportionate nickel donation of any school in the Stake. Stood second best in the concert recitation of the Word of Wisdom.

FAIRVIEW.—Teachers working faithfully. School progressing nicely.

GROVER.—Excellent order prevails. All progressing harmoniously.

OSMOND is in fairly good condition.

SMOOT.—The school is in scattered condition, but doing well under prevailing circumstances. Above the average in manner of marching.

THAYNE.—Ward in a scattered condition, but the school is gradually progressing. There is an increase in attendance.

ULET.—Lack of interest generally has prevented this school from being held regularly.

Arrangements are completed for holding our first Sunday School Union meeting on February 16, 1903, after which it is to be held quarterly.

The members of the Stake Board are united, are exemplary and enjoying their labors; but at the present time we are short of help on account of some of our number being chosen to fill other responsible positions in the Stake. With but few exceptions the board met every two weeks during the past year to discuss Sunday School matters.

Your co-laborers in the Sunday School cause,

- WARREN LONGHURST,
- ASA N. ALLRED,
- WILLIAM M. HALE,
- Stake Superintendency.



HALO AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

That calf again—Another laugh—Returning home.

Let the little ones laugh and be merry,
Help them to happiness find;
To join in their pleasures is healthful and good;
A rest for both body and mind.

WHEN Uncle David came home, one of the first things he told the boys they would have to do was to get a long rope and stake the pet calf out, that it might eat and still be so that they could manage it. For to let it run at liberty, as it had always done, would not do any longer. It was now so large and strong and independent that it paid no attention to the children when they would try to have it keep its proper place, but would go ahead wherever it liked, and eat up whatever it came across and took a fancy to. It could reach its head up onto the platform made of lumber, to dry corn and fruit on, and would eat whatever it found there.

One afternoon Aunt Alice had pulled a bunch of onions which she intended to prepare for the evening meal. She laid the onions on the platform while she turned her attention to something else for a short time, before going into the house. When she went to get her onions, they were gone; not the slightest trace of them could she discover. Think-

ing that perhaps Lessie or one of the children might have taken them in, she passed along indoors herself. But on enquiry, she found that no one knew anything about the onions.

None of them thought of the calf, as they had not noticed it about the yard.

But when Uncle David came in from milking that evening, (he always attended to the milking when he was at home) he said, "Well Alice, the mystery about the onions is solved all right. If you still want to know what became of them, you have only to go and smell the breath of that great, rollicking calf."

They all had a little laugh over that incident; they had not thought that an animal like the calf would eat onions; but that calf would eat anything, it seemed. And they were still to have another bit of real fun out of the performances of that innocent but wilful young creature.

Uncle David took the rope they had got for the purpose, and went and staked the calf out that same night. It was very agreeable, and willingly went where Uncle David wanted it to, as it had had a good supper and was satisfied with the amount of romping it had done during the day; and as soon as it was left to itself it laid quietly down in the grass for the night.

The next morning, as soon as the family had breakfasted, Uncle David told Waldo he might go and get the calf and lead it up to a water-ditch that ran near

the house, and let it drink; then lead it back and stake it again.

Very soon afterwards, even while the family still sat around in the breakfast room, talking and planning about Halo and his mother going home, and other matters, there was a rumpus heard outside, and all rushed to the door. There they saw—not Waldo bringing the calf, but the calf bringing Waldo—racing, jumping and capering at a wild rate. The calf was bellowing and the boy laughing as hard as he could while running so fast and jumping so high.

"Here!" called Uncle David, "Stop that, Waldo! That's not the way to lead an animal, to let it run ahead of you."

"I can't help it," screamed Waldo, between bursts of laughter, as with another jerk from the calf he was hurried along, "the little goose is running away with me!"

The calf came to the ditch then, and stopped to drink. The children were all roaring with laughter by this time, seeing the funny capers the calf cut up, bouncing Waldo along as if he had been a rubber ball or a jumping jack, fastened to the end of the rope. Uncle and Aunt and Lessie were all laughing too, but still Uncle David went on reproving Waldo for allowing the calf to get the advantage of him in that way, telling him he should manage to keep ahead and not let the calf get the idea that it was free to run as it had always done, now that it had a rope on. He said it followed along after him like an old horse the night before, when he had just put the rope on it.

"Why don't you take it back to its stake now, and show Waldo how to lead it, David?" asked Aunt Alice.

So Uncle David took the rope from Waldo's hand, as the calf raised its head, having drunk all the water it

wanted for that time. Uncle David took a step or two toward the grass plot where the calf had been staked, but the calf didn't. It happened to think that it wanted to go another way, and without waiting to argue the point, it went with all its might over the ditch and around the house, kicking up its heels, wheeling and racing, first one way and then the other, and all the while taking Uncle David along after it in the most obliging and friendly way, seeming to turn its head to look at him occasionally, as if to say,

"Fine sport we're having, isn't it? How are you enjoying it? Rather go faster?"

After jumping Uncle David over a wagon tongue a time or two, it dragged him onto the stump of an old tree, which ended the frolic, as the rope was quickly wound around the stump and the calf brought to a sudden halt.

It was even more ludicrous to see the man than the boy snaked about, and what a laugh they all had over Uncle David's teaching Waldo how to lead the calf!

"I never thought of the young monster being so strong!" said Uncle David, when he got his breath so as to speak, from panting and laughing.

The calf evidently felt very different about being led, in its morning freshness, to what it had done in its tired, sleepy condition the night before; and it gaily manifested its changed opinion, without reserve, to its human associates.

Soon after that merry morning, the day came for Halo and his mother to go home. It was a bright, sunny day and Halo liked traveling; and he was going home where he could see his papa and Grandma Ray, whom he loved very much. And still, he was not quite sure he was glad to leave Uncle David's home in the country, where there were

so many interesting things; the chickens, horses, cows and calves, and many other attractions. But when they had boarded the train and were rushing along past pleasant scenery of various kinds, Halo forgot to regret what he was leaving, and enjoyed his ride greatly.

L. L. Greene Richards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



TO THE LETTER-BOX.

Little Ruth's Birthday Present.

Once there was a little girl whose name was Ruth. Now, Ruth was a good little girl, so one day her Uncle Ben gave her a little kitten which was just as white as snow. So she named it Snowball, because she said when it was all curled up it looked just like one. She learned to love her kitten very much, and I think Snowball loved her, for she would sit in her lap and purr and purr, then look up into her face as much as to say, "I love you, little Ruth."

Ruth was very kind to her and many pleasant hours they spent together, romping and playing hide and go seek in the cool, grassy meadows. But one day Snowball disappeared. Ruth looked all over for her, calling loudly, "Snowball! Snowball!" but nowhere could Snowball be found.

This made Ruth feel very bad, and every night and morning, when she said her prayers she never forgot to ask God to help her cat.

Now it was the morning of Ruth's fifth birthday, and as she was putting on her little shoes and stockings she was wondering what she was going to receive for her birthday, when her mama said, "Come, Ruth, and see your birthday present." Ruth ran, joyfully clapping her hands, when her mama said, "There, on the step, Ruth;" and what do you think! There, sunning them-

selves, lay Snowball and five little white kittens. "Oh, mama!" exclaimed Ruth, "see, she has brought me five little Snowballs because she knew I was five years old today."

K. A. T.



Would Like to Come to Utah.

PRINCETON, JOHNSTON CO., N. C.

We live down here in the South, where we raise corn, cotton, melons, cabbage, peanuts and many other things. There are not many of the Saints who live here, and we have but few Elders about here now. Among those who have been here with us at different times are Elders Lewis Swensen, J. M. Haws, Brothers Hobbs, Evans and Greenwood. We would all like go to Utah, and we hope to sometime. Our eldest sister is twenty years old. She will go to Utah this spring if nothing happens to prevent. Our father is very much troubled with asthma at times. Our brother is seventeen. We have all been baptized, and shall be glad when we can go to Utah and see the Elders we have known, and go to Sunday School. Your true friends,

NORA SASSER, age 13 years.

MAGGIE SASSER, age 11 years.

MAMIE ELIZA SASSER, age 8 years.



Note.

From Fredonia, Arizona, a number of little letters have lately been received for the Letter-Box. But as they all tell about the same things, it would not be worth while to publish them.

One little girl, Margery Brown, nine years old, gets into her letter this bit of originality, "My mama has gone to Salt Lake City, and we miss her very much. An older sister takes care of us younger children and we get along very nicely."

Which of these little writers will send

us a brief description of the town they live in and the country around it? Or will each of them write and let us select the best of their articles for the Letter-Box?

L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Want to do all the Good They Can.

NEW HARMONY, WASH. CO., UTAH.

Our papa takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and we love to read the little letters in it. We have three brothers and three sisters living and four sisters dead.

We go to Sunday School, Primary and day school. Our playmates are Laverna Taylor, Allie Watts and Myrle Duffin. We love our mama and papa very much, and we wish to do all the good we can.

Your friends,

FERN REDD, age 9,

JESSIE REDD, age 7.

Success in Missionary Work.

BENSON, UTAH.

My own mama and three sisters have died. My papa married again and I was very glad. He went on a mission and was gone two years and two months, and baptized twenty-two people. We were very lonesome while he was away. We have five little calves, two of them are twins. I am learning music and I go to school. I am eleven years old.

Your loving friend,

JOSEPHINE FROST.

Cold Fishing.

BENSON, UTAH.

I am eight years old. My mama is my Sunday School teacher. I am taking music lessons, and I can play a few pieces on the organ. I have three sisters and one sweet baby brother. Our school house is on the hill above Bear River, and in the winter we go coasting

down the hill. The boys cut a hole in the ice and we caught fish with our hands.

Your loving friend,

AURELIA FROST.

The Sunday Schools Grow.

POCATELLO, IDAHO.

I coaxed my papa to subscribe for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and we got five numbers at once. In looking through them we saw a picture of the L. D. S. Sunday School in San Francisco, which interested us very much. We contrasted the difference between the School now and the one held on August 6, 1893, when Brother Hyde was made superintendent. My papa tells me at this first Sunday School there were not over twenty members present. I was only a baby then, but my papa and mama have often told me about it since. Maybe I will write again, and tell you how I strayed from Sunday School and was lost in that big city. I am eleven years old now. My brother Fred is on a mission and is president of the East Ohio Conference.

Your brother in the Gospel,

L. L. DALTON, JR.

LOST! A LITTLE GIRL.

Tommy's got short hair, an' Ned
Has too; an' so you see,
Because mine's long an' I'm a girl
They never play with me.
I got mama's scissors, an'
I cut all mine off, too,
'Ceptin' one curl I couldn't reach
To save my life, could you?

'An' mama cried an' cried an' cried,
"Where is my little girl?"
An' then she took the scissors an'
Cut off that other curl.
An' I cried too—but not for long
'Cause Tommy came an' said,
If I's a boy, why I could play
All day with him an' Ned.

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200 Children's Percale and Chambray Dresses, sale price up from.....	50c
200 Ladies' Black Cloth Dress Skirts, sale price, each.....	\$3.00
200 Men's Fedora Hats, sale price, each.....	\$1.75
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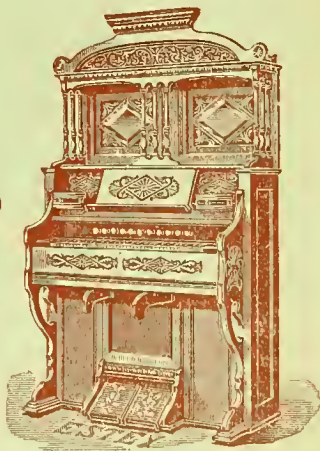
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MRS. BRUNE, May 1.
JOHN GRIFFITHS, May 4.
MARY MANNERING, May 7.
WM. H. CRANE, May 21.
E. H. SOTHERN, May 28.
N. C. GOODWIN, June 12.
AMELIA BINGHAM, June 25.

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